

## MY TRIAL IN RUSSIA

Soviets Use Subtle Pressures  
To Persuade Captive of Guilt

CPYRGHT



HOL

By SH

By MARK KAMINSKY

(As Told to Peter Hahn)

Copyright, 1960, by North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Nov. 1.—When I think of some of the statements I made during my trial and interrogation in Russia a few weeks ago, I know that I can only have made them under mental coercion and pressure.

But if I was being "brain-washed," I was unaware of the moment when the pressure was being applied, or when it was discontinued. One thing is a fact: While in the hands of the KGB, my values were under constant attack and everything was done to make me confused and insecure.

For instance: I found myself readily admitting that I "intended to write an anti-Soviet book." Yet, I knew before my arrest, just as I know today, that—as a scholar who had been taught to revere the principles of objectivity—I went to Russia to write nothing more than a factual account of my experiences.

But somehow during a nine-day ordeal of constant questioning, and during the days and nights of "depositions" that followed, the Soviet interrogators certainly made me feel that I had done "wrong" in their eyes.

## "Shared" Their Views

They gave me the feeling that I had "sinned" against the Soviet Union, against world peace, against humanity. For a brief interval, they had forced me to "share" their perverted values.

Here is how one of the interrogators—I call him "Grindstone"—went about questioning me:

He would seize upon some of the values most dear to me: My

Mr. Kaminsky, a teacher of the Russian language at Purdue University, recently was expelled from Russia after his trial and conviction as an American "spy." This is the third of five articles.

love for my parents, for instance, or my love of teaching. Next, he would create an abstract concept of evil; we would mention theft, for instance, and ask whether—in my opinion—my parents would approve of it. And then he would ask: "How, then, can you face your parents, now that you have come to the Soviet Union to steal our secrets?"

Repeated often enough, the prisoner becomes confused. I no longer knew exactly whether what he said or what I had done, or what I was told I had done was right or wrong.

In this manner, the interrogator's mental coercion is acting on an almost subconscious level of the prisoner's mind, while the prisoner is plied with seemingly logical and humane questions. The uncertainty of the prisoner's fate, his isolation with the questioner, and his inability to communicate with others are perhaps decisive factors in this technique.

## Feeling of Guilt

By the time the interrogators, the police, the judge, the prosecutor, the Intourist man—by the time the Soviets were through with me, they had me feeling guilty in their eyes.

It was similar with my "crimes." They had been constructed by my Soviet interrogators—in my mind alone. I am certain that even the Russian judges who condemned me did not believe I was guilty. They even admitted that I would never have found myself

in this predicament if there had been no "U-2" Incident.

But it seemed expedient to them and to their Kremlin bosses to have another "spy" on tap as a postscript to the Francis Gary Powers case. This is why, after nine days of questioning, "Grindstone" told me he was considering handing the matter to higher authority.

We were still confined to our room at the "Summit" hotel in Uzhgorod, supposedly free to "take a walk, or something," as our questioners told us. We did not make use of the privilege, because we thought the less we angered our interrogators, the easier it would be for us to wind up the matter.

## Attempts Blocked

But that day, while looking out our window, I saw a foreign car pull up in front of the hotel. The passengers were obviously Americans. I immediately decided this might be our last chance to get word of our plight to the embassy in Moscow. Harvey Barnett, my traveling companion, and I both tried to get to the car, but were stopped by the Russians.

Next morning, "Grindstone," the chief interrogator, an assistant of his whom we called "Blue Suit," (because neither of them had revealed their names), and Victor, the interpreter, came into our room and told us to get our bags ready. For a brief instant we thought that everything was all right and that we would finally be allowed to leave the country, but all our hopes were shattered when we were told we should pack enough things "for a short trip." They came for us around noon.

"Grindstone" explained that I "wouldn't tell the truth, and now things were going to be more serious."

"Grindstone," Victor, and the

## Liz Wanted 'Irma

HOLLYWOOD (NANA). —

Elizabeth Taylor and 20th Century-Fox are in accord on the reason for her delay in starting her "Cleopatra" movie. They both say "illness." There's no doubt about Liz's feelings on the subject of losing the movie version of "Irma La Douce." And her lawsuit will be on the sensational side!

Tab Hunter sold his house in the valley at a loss, and is moving to another home on the estate in Beverly Hills that formerly belonged to the late John Barrymore. All Tab wants to do now is work hard, and forget the nosy neighbors who brought him wrongly—as proved at his trial—into court on the charge of mistreating his dog. He says the new house in Beverly Hills "has absolute privacy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Judy Garland, who left Hollywood because the picture of hers weren't coming along, of course now is in the running for

**THEATRES**

**The Baronet**  
BETHESDA, MARYLAND

**The Captain's**

and then marched me upstairs to a regularly furnished office. As we passed the door, I noticed that it was heavily padded with sound-proofing material. The place had "interrogation chamber" written in every feature.

One of my escorts asked me politely to sit down and offered me a "papyros," a Russian cigarette. We waited—in silence—for a few minutes, until the door opened. An officer in the

CPYRGHT